God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends.
Prin. God keepe me from falſe friends, but they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.
Enter Lord Maior.
Lo. M. God bleſſe your Grace, with health and happie daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my Lo. and thanke you all,
I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a ſlug is Haſtings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L. Haſt.*
Buck. And in good time here comes the ſweating Lord.
Prin. Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuiſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perſwade the Queene to ſend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely brother preſently?
If ſhe denie, Lord Haſtings go with them,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him heere: but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy priuiledge
Of bleſſed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,
Would I be guiltie of ſo great a ſinne.
Buck. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the greatneſſe of this age,
You breake not Sanctuarie in ſeazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings haue deſerued the place,
And thoſe who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deſerued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then

Then take him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sactuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children neuer till now.
Car. My Lord, you ſhall ouer-rule my mind for on
Come on Lord Haſtings, will you goe with me?
Haſt. I goe my Lord. *Exit. Car.* e
Pri. Good Lords make all the ſpeedie haſt you ma
Say Vncle *Gloceſter*, if our brother come,
Where ſhall we ſoiourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it thinkſt beſt vnto your royall ſelfe:
If I may counſell you, ſome day or two
Your highneſſe ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.
Pri. I doe not like the Tower of any place:
Did *Iulius Cæſer* build that place my Lord?
Buck. He did, my gratious Lo. begin that place,
Which ſince ſucceeding ages haue reedified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or elſe reported
Succeſſiuely from age to age he built it?
Buck. Vpon record my gracious Lord.
Prin. But ſay my Lord it were not regiſtred,
Me thinkes the truth ſhould liue from age to age,
As twere retaild to all poſteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wiſe, ſo yong, they ſay do neuer liue long.
Prin. What ſay you Vncle?
Glo. I ſay, without Caracters fame liues long:
That like the formall vice, iniquitie,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prin. That *Iulius Cæſar* was a famous man,
With what his valour did inrich his wit,
His wit ſet downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conqueſt of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Couſen *Buckingham*.
Buck. What my gracious Lord?
Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,